

Hans Knot International Radio Report April 2018

Hi you all there, lovers of radioland. I hope the month of March was nice to you. Freezing cold one day, the other day 15 degrees was too much difference within 24 hours in Groningen. Anyway, it brought us a bit more outside and during the last week starting to make the garden spring ready again. I've got a lot of e-mails from which most are personally answered but I will highlight of course some in this edition of the report.

The first one came from Bert Wijfjes who we remember as Bert Bennet on Caroline, Atlantis and Mi Amigo in the seventies. He sent me a cut from a newspaper in Catalonia (Spain) in which Joan Perich tells about his search of all kind of information regarding the time that Radio Mi Amigo had Playa de Aro as base. Joan is in contact with some people who worked for the station as well as who followed the stations through its history, including me. He wants to write a book about Tack and his station. Following Bert, who is almost weekly in contact with Joan, the later one is going well with the project and has also interviewed people who were relatives from the late Sylvain Tack.



He succeeded also getting in contact with Jacqueline, Sylvain's former woman. She still lives in Playa de Aro at the Mas Ros. Well hopefully he will write the book in English for a wider public. Of course, thanks Bert to keep us informed.

Interesting is this from the Transmission Gallery:

'Radio Caroline started transmissions using the reserve 648 kHz mast in November 2017. As I was in the area, and the sun was out, I thought I'd take a look. Studying the maps, I could see that a footpath which runs along the west bank of the River Alde would get me to about 500m from this mast. Even though the sun was out, the visibility wasn't as good as I had hoped for. There was also a cold northeasterly wind to freeze my hands while I was taking these pictures. See the link for more:

<http://tx.mb21.co.uk/gallery/gallerypage.php?txid=1654&pageid=3360>



Kord Photo: Mi Amigo International

Owner and initiator behind Radio Mi Amigo, Kord, is seriously ill since late December and people working for him have been very busy to get the train in full speed again so here's recent information:

CURRENT RADIO MI AMIGO INTERNATIONAL INFORMATION

- ▪ WEBSITE - www.radiomiamigo.international
- ▪ FACEBOOK PAGE - <https://www.facebook.com/Radio-Mi-Amigo-International-7609.../>
- ▪ STUDIO - studio@radiomiamigo.international
- ▪ ONLINE - 87.118.112.44:8010/:mp3
- ▪ SHORTWAVE - 6085 kHz / 7310 kHz / 3985 kHz

Well we have to make a long flight to Australia for the next e mail from Ian McRae who wrote: 'Hi Hans I've just released ep.10 of my podcast "A Radio Station Like No Other". How does this radio station get away with it? Cause I say they can! The podcast features samples of some of the best of recent programs broadcast by Wilton Bay's own renegade radio station The Seventh Wave FM and uncensored.



Ian Mc Rae from his own collection

A preview of the entertainment at BONKS BRASSERIE AND BAR is first up...and this time it's HELEN EARTH and her song about...err...rats in her room. The naughty boys at THE VINYL LOUNGE look to the future and ask...where is man going?

Then another great parody from BRIAN COLEMAN dedicated to Donald Trump's "shithole countries". After that we welcome back psychic KERRIE ERWIN as she looks at this Chinese Year of the Dog and what it means for you...plus a few interesting predictions for 2018. Then WOZ our traffic reporter checks out Wilton Bay traffic...radio's weirdest traffic report.

My friend GEORGE THE ONE LEGGED GREEK has a story about his Uncle Connie and his record attempt. And it's a wrap with Leonard Cohen's dedication to the town of Wilton Bay. The podcast can be heard online or people can subscribe for free on iTunes (which has now been rebranded as Apple Podcasts for what it's worth) or Android at <http://www.wiltonbaymedia.com/listen-or-subscribe-for-free>

Be aware some segments can be adult humour and are tagged "Explicit". Yikes! Greetings Ian McRae.

Sometimes wonders happens and it was recently Vincent Schriel who brought us a new name in the section 'female deejays'. In the program from Tom van der Velde on March 19th on Radio Caroline it was mentioned by Tom during 'Wekkerradio' that between 9 and 10 in the morning the program 'Scheepsplaat' would be presented by Ellen Akkerman. And indeed, the program was aired. Who knows which person was behind Ellen Akkerman?

Next e-mail comes from Bob Bate: 'I Read it all now. Brilliant newsletter Hans. So very interesting for anyone involved in radio. Many thanks for all your hard work - There's no-one else in the whole world who does this kind of thing as well as you do Hans.'

Thanks a lot for this very warm words Bob and I will try to go on as long as I can. Next comes from Britain to and from one of the many female readers: Pam Jeannetta Bird-Gaines 'Thanks Hans Knot for your International Radio Report. Sorry to hear the problems you are having with your server. I downloaded my copy on the link given. I, too, was terribly saddened to hear of Kid Jensen's illness. I have fond memories of him bouncing down the stairs at Radio Luxembourg with his brilliant smile, and hand outstretched in welcome. This was when four of the FRA Committee went on a summer jaunt in 1970, which took in RNI, a visit to the Mi Amigo in dock, Radio Veronica and Radio Luxembourg. Those memories are precious.'

Thanks a lot Pam and yes, we do remember all the hard work you and other did in the FRA around the time we had Pirate Radio News running. Of course, you were involved with the work the late Ronald C Pearson, aka Buster did including Radio Kaleidoscope. It was only a couple of years later I stepped in to help with Monitor Magazine and so I doubt we never met each other there at 31 Avondale Road in South Benfleet. It must have been around 1993 I've been there for the last time but I can dream the walk from the station to the Avondale house. I lent a photo from the beautiful internet pages featuring the FRA and Radio Kaleidoscope and it's you in one of the rooms from Buster where many radio lovers, including myself, have shared so many memories over the years.



And yes, there were sad memories too early March as I wrote on my Facebook page on March the 2nd: 50 years ago, tomorrow was a sad day as both Caroline stations on their ships Fredericia and Mi Amigo were forced to close down due to unpaid bills and were towed away to a Dutch harbour. It took two years before the station was back for a short period from the MEBO II and later on again from own ships. Also, that day sad news came from Scotland as Tommy Shields, former owner and director from Radio Scotland died.

I always thought - when seeing a photograph of the late Tommy Shields, that he was much older than his real age. Tommy was only 48 years when he passed away.

Alan Racheter was one of the people reflecting with: 'I must admit that by January 1968 I had lost interest in Radio Caroline International in the South- it was getting to sound stale to me with

all those Johnnie Walker laments and the horrible "Radio Caroline International, Home of the British Music Explosion" jingles. I wasn't aware that the ships had been taken away until I saw it in the news. I'm afraid that Radio Caroline International for me did not live up to Radio London or SRE. I've often wondered if some of the post MOA deejays were on Caroline because they believed in the cause or because they could not secure jobs elsewhere in radio be it the Beeb, Radio Luxembourg or others.'

The Glasgow Herald 4-3-1968 OEM

DUTCH TUGS TOW OFF RADIO SHIPS

Pop ships Radio Caroline North and Radio Caroline South were towed from their moorings yesterday by Dutch tugs.

They were both off the air yesterday and their whereabouts are not known.

Caroline South was the first to be towed away. She left her moorings three and a half miles off Walton-on-the-Naze, Essex, and was later seen by the crew of the lightship 14 miles off the Essex coast being towed in a south-easterly direction by a Dutch tug.

During the past week, one of the ship's disc jockeys announced that Caroline South might be undergoing repairs to a generator. It is thought the ship may be on her way to Holland for this reason.

Caroline North has been anchored four miles off the Isle of Man for three and a half years. She was towed out of Ramsey Bay —on the island's north-east coast, where she has been since July, 1964—by the Dutch ocean-going tug, Utrecht. She left at about 6 p.m., destination unknown, making two knots.

Radio Caroline North was broadcasting as usual on Saturday but she was off the air all day yesterday.

Andy Cadier, who worked on the North ship as Martin Kayne wrote: 'It's hard to compare like for like. After the MOA the prospects of 2 years imprisonment or an unlimited fine were being proposed. Austerity measures to combat the loss of all UK advertising, no daily supply tender, but once a fortnight 10-hour trip depending on the weather. Reduced radio and marine staff, leading to 4 hour shows and a restricted playlist and mail that took weeks to arrive as it

came via Amsterdam and for the North ship from the Netherlands to Ireland and then dispatched to the ship.

Some staff couldn't take these stark conditions and understandably left, making a further headache of the onshore management to keep the operation going. At the time Radio Caroline continuing had overwhelming support, despite the MOA, I only wish we had kept the letters that were sent using European postal rates just to get in touch. This was the beginning of Caroline's spirit of defiance and perseverance that continued throughout the offshore radio era, which I suppose ended shortly after the DTI raid on the Ross Revenge. But of course, the station in a different form continues to this day.... if only the internet had existed in 1968.'

Thanks also to you Andy for your comments.

The Glasgow Herald 2-3-1968 OEM

Obituary

Former Radio Scotland director

Mr Thomas Victor Shields, the former managing director of the "pirate" radio station, Radio Scotland, died yesterday in a Glasgow hospital. He was 47.

Mr Shields, who was born in Glasgow, was a freelance journalist and later joined the staff of the "Scottish Daily Express."

In 1958 he was appointed press and public relations officer for Scottish Television, but five years later he left to form his own advertising agency.

Radio Scotland began transmitting on New Year's Eve, 1965, with Mr Shields managing director of the company—City and County Commercial Radio (Scotland), Ltd. Programmes were broadcast from a former Irish lightship, the Comet, which was moored off Dunbar. Later the ship was towed to a mooring in the Firth of Clyde.

FINED £80

The company were fined £80 in March last year for using a transmitter without a licence in territorial waters. Mr Shields was similarly charged but his plea of not guilty was accepted.

After the Court decision it was decided to tow the ship back to the East Coast to a new anchorage off St Andrews.

Last year, however, Parliament passed the Act which made it illegal for British subjects to work for, supply, or advertise on the "pirate" ships, and at midnight on August 14 Radio Scotland ended transmissions.

Mr Shields, who lived at Barrington House, Torrance, is survived by his wife, a son, and a daughter.

Then also Don Stevens reflected with: 'Tony Allan often told me over a few cold beers in the UK and then Ireland, we drank too much,

maybe, but Tony Allan always said the loss of Radio Scotland killed Tommy, and to his last breath, Tony Allan always said the same of Tommy Shields. This is why I post anything I find of 242, I respected Tony and his memory of his days on the Comet, and Anne, my Canadian wife at the time, was an excellent judge of character. Tony Allan loved Tommy Shields because he trusted Tony to be the best, Tony delivered.'

On the wonderful site from Mary and Chris Payne are also memories from 50 years ago, for instant Bud Ballou

<http://radiolondon.co.uk/caroline/march31968/bud030368.shtml>

And about Roger Day returning with a program about 50 years after the towing the Mail on line had an article published:

<http://www.dailymail.co.uk/tvshowbiz/article-5449123/Radio-Caroline-returns-airways-fifty-years.html>

March 14th sad news came in from Canada: 'Hello all, it is with great sadness that we must announce the passing of our father, David Vincent (known to some as David Sinclair). Please feel free to extend this news to any who knew him. Thank you, Chris, Steve, and Ross Vincent.'



David Sinclair and Jonathan Hall on Radio 390

Collection Freewave Nostalgia

It was just three months ago that David and I exchanged some e mails in which he wrote that he regretted that he could not come at the Big reunion last August and that he hoped his condition would be better for a trip to Europe later this year. A great loss again. More about his career is here on the Pirate Hall of Fame:

<http://www.offshoreradio.co.uk/djssa.htm#sinclair>

February 28th another of the former offshore deejays, Dick Weeda, died on the age of 75. Dick worked on the original Radio 227 in 1967 as well as the Look Boden rebirth Radio 227 from 2002-2012. It reminded me of written memories he once had brought to the broadcast museum in Hilversum. People working there informed me that these notes were received and so I decided to publish it in Dutch 20 years ago.

In thoughts of the late Dick Weeda I decided to translate his memories from those days in 1967.

From 15 May 1998, the exhibition "Pop music 1960-1990: image and sound of youth culture in the Netherlands" has been on display for several months in the Broadcasting Museum in Hilversum. During the preparation of this temporary exhibition, a great deal of attention was paid to various collections of collectors and, of course, to the Omroepmuseum's own archive.

That also yielded unexpected results. Thus, in mid-March, during a discussion at the museum, museum curator Arno Weltens suddenly came up with a number of sheets of paper with memories of the period that Dick Weeda, deejay on the transmission vessel The Laissez Faire, had been through. A few years earlier, Dick gave his

notes to the museum's archives for posterity. He put a number of things on paper, most of which had been known historically for a long time. Nevertheless, there are a number of comments that are interesting enough to go into in more detail. It is also a good opportunity to tell a little more about his colleague deejay John van Doren, who later became famous as a singer under the name David Alexander Winter, but also used three other artists' names.



On the tender Tom Collins, Lex Harding and Dick Weeda 1967

Photo: Collection Ton Droog

"Swinging Radio Double Two Seven ...": in the sixties, for many young people, this cry was the signal for a lot of listening pleasure. That lasted until the beginning of August 1967, when Radio 227 fell over the canvas. Remarkably enough, Dick Weeda, deejay for this sea station, starts his notes with the last episode. "From the air on 5 August because Great Britain was the 'first country' to sign the Strasbourg Treaty. Indeed, the Convention made cooperation from the British shore on pirate channels punishable. That, in itself, is an announcement from which it can be seen that the best man was sitting in front of his bread. After all, the Strasbourg Convention had already been signed by a large number of countries in 1965.

Only, through the introduction of the MOA on 14 August 1967, would the law ratify the aforementioned Convention and link it to criminal

offences, which would allow employees, suppliers or advertisers to be prosecuted in the future. By the way, the majority of the crew had already been disembarked at that time. In his written account Weeda says: "We were taken off board on 21 July 1967. Hardly a single Dutchman remained on the ship. The music we recorded was still being broadcast for almost three weeks. The fact that the deejays received an excellent salary at that time, partly in view of the fact that during the period on board the transmission vessel MV Laissez Faire there was free board and lodging, may be relaxed. Weeda wrote the following in his notes: 'The discjockeys were on the ship for two weeks before fl. 210,00, net per week and subject to UK tax and social security legislation.



Bell of the Laissez Faire Photo: Ton Droog

A considerable high salary because I myself in that period around the fl. 350.00 gross per month, and that at an age of 17 years. Weeda also wrote of the supply: 'After the period on board we were then at home for a period of one week's holiday. The route was as follows: Channel Airways, a major advertiser at the time and bankrupt since many years, was flown from Zestienhoven airport, near Rotterdam, to Southend on Sea. A small harbour town situated on the mouth of the Thames. Then we took a taxi to Harwich and from there took a small, former fishing vessel to The Laissez Faire.

The broadcasting vessel of Radio 227, which we shared with the presenters of Britain Radio or later Radio 355, was used as a mortal remainship during the Korean war. The formal owner, it was found, was Pierre Langesford III, a Texas senator. On board, persistent rumours repeatedly appeared that the real owner, idiosyncratic Lady Bird Johnson, wife of the then American president Lyndon B. Johnson, was. If because of low water we could not sail from Harwich, then we went by taxi, via Ipswich, to Felixstowe.

Competition between the offshore stations was fierce. Radio 227 also participated. Dick Weeda states in the specifications that Tony Windsor, the programme director of Radio 227, had nefarious plans to take listeners from another station, which did not succeed: 'Station manager was Big T 'Double You', or Tony Windsor, formerly programme director at Radio London. In the aftermath of Radio Dolphin he introduced a format similar to the one used by Radio London. We then broadcast on the 227 meters, while London was on the 229, so we caught up with Dutch listeners who thought they were listening to Radio London. After eight hours in the evening Radio 227 could hardly be received in the Netherlands, because the DDR transmitter, Radio Leipzig, with a power of 200 kW on our frequency came into the air. Our transmitter had a maximum output of 50 kW.

In the aftermath of Radio 227, singer and guitarist José Feliciano visited the transmission vessel. Of that sudden visit and the incident with a crew member that occurred afterwards, Weeda makes extensive notes: "About two weeks before the closure of Radio 227 and Radio 355 we delivered another world performance: A live performance by José Feliciano on both stations. This was achieved as follows: Alan Black, deejay of Radio 355, went to interview José in London. But, his recorder refused service. Feliciano found Alan Black to be a sympathetic boy and probably got romantic ideas about our pirate station and offered to perform for free.



A tender arrives with Captain Lukehurst at the right

Photo collection Ton Droog

So said, so done. Feliciano came to Harwich with his secretary and stepped on the tender, which always brought the deejays to the radio ship. Feliciano is not only blind but also partly physically handicapped and where the deejays and crew stepped via a rope ladder from the much lower tender on the Laissez Faire, José had to be hoisted and then by a "man-hole" below deck man maneuvered to the studios. The concert was very nice and very successful to mention. Presentation was in the hands of Alan Black and Tom Collins.



José Feliciano gets onboard the Laissez Faire

Photo collection: Ton Droog

More happened that day. Weeda continued: "Meanwhile, Radio 227 deejay Johnny van Doren tried to get impressive with the secretary of Feliciano. She didn't want to cage with him, but she did want to go with him into London. A few crew members - Dutch - were now hoisting their buddies. The tender was richly provided with tax-free alcoholic beverages. On board, the British captain issued a maximum of three cans of beer per person free of charge per day. The situation did not always flare up between British and Dutch sailors, because the Dutch thought they were superior sailors.

Finally, Feliciano had been with his secretary for the tender for a long time, but two crew members refused to come on board. After a final summons, one of the crew members climbed up aboard the ship and wanted to attack the captain. They caught him with a kind of Kara trap on the chest. The crew member in question, Jan, then collapsed. Luckily exactly between the wheelhouse and railing in the narrow aisle. Instead of lying dead, he shook his head and at once was sober and had to be captured by the cooks before he could once again attack the captain. At night he was taken off board of The Laissez Faire and a precious cargo could be delivered to Harwich, after which the peace and quiet on board the ship returned.



Crewmember Jan ten Cate

Collection Ton Droog

About the format at the time Dick Weeda said: "We had a format similar to that of Wonderful Radio London, only one difference was that we had a Fabulous Fifty on Radio 227 while Radio London only had 40 records in the list. Next to the Fab 50 we had a tip list with 15 records. The intention was to rotate at least 10 records per half hour. Of these two records had to be from the top 10 each time, two from the tip parade, 1 golden oldie, 1 request record and 4 numbers from the Fab 50 with quotations between 50 and 10. Between six in the morning and six in the evening there were each consecutive three-hour deejay shows. I myself often sat after six o'clock in the evening, during which I was allowed to present two programmes: six to half past seven Folktime and from half past seven to seven o'clock All Dutch.'

By way of illustration, my own archive contains the following hit list of Radio 227, 2-11 June 1967. The two covers of Beatles' songs are remarkable. On the version of 'Baby's in Black' from Daddy's Act I will come back later.

RADIO 227 FABULOUS 50 -

2-11 JUNI 1967.

1. (1) A Whiter shade of pale - Procol Harum
2. (20) New York mining disaster 1941 - The Bee Gees
3. (8) Waterloo sunset - The Kinks
4. (10) Okay-Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich
5. (2) Take her home - The Rody's
6. (11) Summer is here - The Outsiders
7. (14) Seven drunken nights - The Dubliners
8. (--) When I was young - Eric Burdon & The Animals
9. (21) Carrie Anne - The Hollies
- 10.(7) Pictures of Lily - The Who
- 11.(6) Silence is golden - The Tremeloes
- 12.(26) Amy - Rudy Bennett
- 13.(38) Beestjes - Ronnie en de Ronnies

- 14.(3) There goes my everything - Engelbert Humperdinck
15.(9) Then I kissed her - Beach Boys
16.(16) Don't sleep in the subway - Petula Clark
17.(13) Paper sun - The Traffic
18.(31) Patterns - The Small Faces
19 (21) Give me time - Dusty Springfield
20:(5) The happening - The Supremes
21.(18) Mr. Pleasant - The Kinks
22.(4) Finchley Central - The New Vaudeville Band
23.(45) I want more - Groep 1850
24.(50) Tabatha Twitchit - The Dave Clark Five
25.(34) With a little help from my friends - The Young Idea
26.(--) Morning dew - The Episode Six
27.(46) Get me to the world on time - The Electric Prunes
28.(--) Lace covered window - The New Faces
29.(--) Respect - Aretha Franklin
30.(--) Send her to me - Gary U.S. Bonds
31.(--) I'll come running - Cliff Richard
32.(--) What good am I - Cilla Black
33.(17) When you're young and in love - Marvelettes
34.(22) Eight days a week - Daddy's Act
35.(36) Sweet soul music - Arthur Conley
36.(40) The love machine - Elvis Presley
37.(40) Walking in the rain - The Walker Brothers
38.(33) The first cut is the deepest - P.P. Arnold
39.(--) You only live twice - Nancy Sinatra
40.(--) Suddenly - The Left Banks
41.(--) No good to cry - Jimmy James & The Vagabonds
42.(--) Strange brew - Cream
43.(--) She'd rather be with me - The Turtles
44.(--) All I need - The Temptations
(45.(--) Him or me, what's it's gonna be - Paul Revere & The Raiders
(45.(--) Windy - Association
46.(--) Come on down to my boat - Every Mothers Son
47.(12) My back pages - The Byrds

48.(--) I can't see to make you mine - The Seeds

49.(47) The wind cries Mary - The Jimi Hendrix Experience

50.(--) Ain't no mountain high - Marvin Gaye & Tammi Terrell

Record of the week: Seven rooms of gloom - The Four Tops

Climbers: You can't come home again - (P.J. Proby) - See Emily Play - (Pink Floyd), Trembling Trembling - (The Swinging Blue Jeans)

In his notes to the composition of the charts, Weeda wrote: 'Fab 50 and Tipparade were determined by mutual agreement, not on the basis of sales figures. As a British company, the company behind Radio 227, often had the test pressings of the records a week earlier than the other Dutch stations. A Whiter Shade of Pale by Procul Harum and All You Need Is Love van The Beatles were placed number 1 by us immediately after the discs came on board. To prove that, if played often enough, you can make everything a hit, we turned on Radio 227 the failed carnival cracker 'Then you have to see My Sister' (Dan moet je mijn zuster zien) from Dutch female singer Ria Valk eight times a day on average in July 1967. As if, more than half a year after its release, it was a hit in the Netherlands and automatically picked up by the other stations.

Next Dick Weeda also added a small list with deejaynames, their own names and specialization.

- Lodewijk den Hengst, Lex Harding: Hitmusic
- Tom Droog, Tom Collins: Easy Listening
- Look Boden, Look Boden: Country and Western
- Harold van Gelder, Harky (mayor): Rock and Roll
- Dick Weeda, Dick Weeda: Folk and Dutch language music
- Jaap Paardekoper, John van Doren: women.

Weeda also wrote a few details about the American owners: 'In Folktyme I was forbidden to play songs in which criticism was levelled at American politics in general and Vietnam in particular. No anti-war songs were allowed to be played. So, Phil Ochs was not allowed at all, but also 'What Have You Learned in School Today', by Tom Paxton had not been allowed on May 28, 1967.

It can be assumed that Weeda was tapped on his fingers by his superior on board on that date. On 18 May 1967 Rod McKuen was played for the first time at a Dutch station. Radio 227 was the first with Seasons in the Sun. However, another issue of McKuen, Soldiers Who Wanna Be Heroes, fell under the ban again. It was precisely this song that became McKuen's first hit in the Netherlands, although it took as long as four years (August 1971 number 1 with no less than 17 weeks to get a hit in the Veronica Top 40). The song Freight Train of the Folk Swinging Harpsichord was the tune of the Freight Train program.



Crew working on the anchor chain Photo collection Ton Droog

About his colleague John van Doren Weeda wrote: 'He was born Leon Kleerekoper. Known as deejay, however, he became John van Doren,

or Jaap Paardekoper. Under those names he was briefly deejay with Radio Veronica before joining Radio 227. In the previous year (1966) he had joined the formation Daddy's Act in Amsterdam. The group was offered a world contract with EMI on the occasion of their first single.



John van Doorn aka David Alexander Winter Promotional Photo
record company Riviera

Together with the group Daddy's Act, Van Doren made various singles, including a slow soul version of Beatles' success Eight Days A Week in 1967. Another composition by Lennon and McCartney, Baby's in Black, was also recorded. As John van Doren he also recorded two solo singles in 1967: Last Night / It Ain't Fair and the Dutch-language Marian / We Waren Zo gelukkig (Philips).

In 1969 he left for Paris where he became a star, with performances at the Olympia. He was under contract there with Riviera. In the Netherlands in October 1969 he scored a hit with the song Oh Lady Mary under his umpteenth artist name: David Alexander Winter. Fifth place was the highest rating. After that he made singles in December 1969 (Vole S'en Vole) and in December 1973 (Laissez Moi Le Temps).

In 1967, the press reacted rather laconically to the events surrounding Radio 227. In those days the newspaper reports were as

follows: 'Rarely do we get such nice letters as this from the Rotterdam Mr. M. R. Harsing, who is pouring his heart out over our pirate stations: "A constructive magazine should not start by adopting messages that would be degrading. Veronica never fell, no one will be able to torpedo his Veronica. And Veronica is not one of the first to close early. There are other offshore radio stations that close earlier than Veronica. "Radio 227" closes at 9 a.m. and Radio 355 at 10 a.m. Who is Tony Windsor? Did Radio 227" deserve to be distributed across the country to him? How it exists! It is possible that he took care of all the advertisements, but he did not only bring 227 into the Dutch living rooms. Thank you very much. 227 silent in all languages.'

And then in Dutch newspapers the following newsflash could be read: 'Radio 227 is going to change its programmes drastically, as you may have heard last week. All the announced programs have disappeared, instead shows are presented by various deejays - of which John van Dooren has been a member since June 15th- based on the Top 40, the already older 45 rpm records and the new hits. According to the programme management, the programme will be adapted to the listening public. That means some quieter music in the morning hours and top-pops for teenagers in the afternoon. Fanmail is very welcome at "227", - can also be sent to TeleVizier, P.O. Box 1290 - suggestions of course! Special attention will be devoted to Dutch orchestras and singers. Examples: The Top 40 list is filled with songs like 'Beestjes' (Ronnie & The Ronnies) and 'Amy' (Rudy Bennett').

But also, the next news was published not far much later in the newspapers: 'The Dutch pirate station radio 227 will disappear from the air on 15 August, in the same way as radio 335, which broadcasts from the same ship. Ted Allbeury announced this yesterday evening in London, following the adoption of the anti-piracy law in England becoming into force next month.

Although the quality of radio 227 programmes had risen recently, the number of advertising spots was still far from sufficient to cover the broadcaster's costs.



Dick Weeda Photo: Look Boden

Dick Weeda has, it turns out, not continued his career within the radio world but in a different way: Since September 1968 he has worked in various positions for the Social Service in Amsterdam. On 1 March 1997, after fourteen years of work as an information officer, he was dismissed. After that he was a free man again and among other things he gave lectures about the architect Adriaan Dortsman and gave guided tours at the Museum van Loon, among other places. He was also a board member of the Heemkenniskring Amsterdam-Noord, where he was responsible for the programming. On his visit ticket it said: "City guide," and in principle Dick Weeda guided people all over Amsterdam. The Amsterdam Historical Museum introduced him as a 'renowned city connoisseur'. May he rest in peace.

Mi Amigo International is growing. Colin Peters: 'What our Captain Kord would usually do is introduce you to a new member of the crew. I still remember him introducing me before I even made one program for Radio Mi Amigo. It would make you feel the warmth and drive of this man and you would feel the heat of the coming deadline for your program! What to do, how to fill it! It's been so long! I'm getting too many ideas now! It's getting mighty real!'



Well, someone has been feeling this heat for the last few days now. We would like to introduce to you: Mike Davies. Mike served on the Voice of Peace and on Radio Caroline from the Ross Revenge. Once on the VOP he was out in the sun too long and came back with a very brown/red head. This is where he got the nick-name 'Coconut'. The name stuck and most of us still know Mike like this. You can hear him on Radio Mi Amigo International in 'The Revenge of the Coconut', where he will bring you back to the golden era of offshore radio, with his stories and music. Give him a warm welcome!

But more news about Radio Mi Amigo International 'springing' forward in 2018! You may be aware that our leader Captain Kord is seriously ill in hospital. As we wait for the news that he is well enough to continue the great work he has started with the radio station, we have organised ourselves into an interim Management Team to keep his dream alive.

The team has been appointed with one aim ... to keep Radio Mi Amigo International 'bringing back the golden era of AM offshore radio'. Whilst some parts of the operation are temporarily proving difficult to maintain to Kord's high standard, we'll get there. One of our first priorities is to sort out the problems with our website, RadioMiAmigoInternational.com. Wrapped up with that problem is a backlog of orders from our webshop and our e-mail system not working.

Of course the website problem has made listening difficult for online listeners. We are working on it. Our shortwave transmissions are unaffected and continue as normal. If you'd like to listen digitally, you can still do this. The easiest way is to simply type: miamigointer.radio.net into your web browser and then press the play button. So, thank you for your understanding. And thank you for your support. Together we will keep Captain Kord's dream alive. Together, we will keep Radio Mi Amigo International on the air.'

Next a chapter of a new book which will be published soon so keep your eyes open for more in next report. The book is written by Clive Warner who spent many decades of his career in radio all over the world. The book has ISBN 978-0-9790386-3-1, as order number and both the Kindle and print versions will be available soon on Amazon.

ADVENTURES IN THE LUMINIFEROUS AETHER BY CLIVE WARNER

INDUCTION

"A COIL PLACED NEAR ANOTHER COIL WILL EXPERIENCE INDUCTION."

DIPLOMATIC WIRELESS: LONDON, AND CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX

After the BBC transferred me to Burghead, a tiny and incredibly obsolete transmitting station in the far north of Scotland, I began scheming to get a job somewhere else. One winter at Burghead was enough for me. I was a character in a Kafka novel. I set about persuading the Beeb that my future lay elsewhere.

DWS, the then-known Diplomatic Wireless Service, was looking for engineers to run the medium-wave transmitters on Masirah Island, in the Arabian Gulf. They wouldn't accept my application unless the BBC agreed to release me, and since I didn't want to gamble on first resigning, then applying for the Masirah post, I decided on a strategy to encourage the BBC to agree that I could join DWS. After a little research, I realised that I could use one of the BBC's own rules for my own ends. The rule in question stated that any member of staff had the right to apply for any internal post and to be considered prior to external candidates, and this meant an interview. So I applied for every job that looked possible. After the third time they flew me down to London and back, the Inhuman Resources people in London got the message and quietly agreed that DWS could employ me. And so, off I went to my interview with Diplomatic Wireless.

I reported to a house in M_____ Street, a quiet road lined with elegant Georgian houses, within easy sight of Big Ben. The house belonged to HM Foreign Office. I arrived a little early and was ushered to the waiting room, which looked out onto the street below. While I stood at the window surveying the street and wondering if all the houses were one sort of government office or another (quite likely), a bottle-green 1930's vintage Bentley tourer parked right outside.

The car looked exactly the same as the one driven by 'John Steed' in 'The Avengers', a British tongue-in-cheek comedy thriller from the 60s, even down to the hand-operated bulb horn. The driver wore Steed's Savile Row suit, and a bowler hat identical to Steed's. He got out of the car and entered my building, and within a few minutes came into the waiting room.



Clive Warner in the control room. Photo: Archive Clive

"Hello, old chap. Here for the security course, I suppose?" "Er, yes. I suppose so." I was, supposedly, not to talk to people about this, and 'John Steed' had opened the conversation with it! "Jolly good. I hate coming here, it's always impossible to park." "You seem to have done alright this morning. Terrific car, by the way. It's just like the one in — "

The Avengers? Isn't it! I'd better be careful not to get towed away though. Bloody nuisance. It'll all be in the newspapers in a few weeks, anyway." "In the newspapers?" I was beginning to sound like a parrot. "They'll get hold of it. I just happened to be in the right place at the right time. Bloody fool. Imagine trying to smuggle a dozen Vampire jet fighters through Martinique. It's a small island, everyone knows everyone. So now I have to appear as a witness."

"Ah. Hmm." By now I had pretty much reached the conclusion that this guy was an agent provocateur of some kind, planted in the waiting room to engage the candidates in spurious conversations to determine . . . what? What could be the possible reason?

While I was in the middle of flights of fantasy, someone stuck their head into the room and announced that my presence was required for

the security course, so I said good luck to the jet-smuggler witness and followed the civil service hierophant.

I found myself in a large room with perhaps twenty other people, mostly a little younger. We sat in rows of somewhat uncomfortable chairs. We were all given a long lecture about security, spies, and so forth; it was all very interesting but I couldn't work out what connection this had with running giant radio transmitters on a desert island.

We watched a film, in which a young cipher clerk working in the Moscow embassy was propositioned first by young KGB ladies, then young KGB lads, until The Department thought up the jolly wheeze of the clerk accepting the advances of one of the young ladies, and filming the resulting, er, action. By the end of the film, the faces of the female cipher clerks in the audience were a flaming pink. I began to wish I had chosen a career as a cipher clerk.

Later we enjoyed a most interesting lecture about bugging, including details of why a brain-frying microwave beam had been directed at the American Embassy, and we even handled a Russian 'bug' that supposedly had been embedded in the American Eagle plaque in the US Embassy.

The bugging lecture culminated in a challenge: we had to attempt to locate the bugs in a room, having been assured there were plenty. None of us could find any. Then we went next door to view the videotape of us, peering into assorted invisible cameras. I returned home on the 6.30PM express train from London Euston to Liverpool Lime Street, surveying everyone I met surreptitiously and wondering if they might be in the pay of one side or the other.

When I found a vacant seat, a pretty girl sitting opposite struck up a conversation. It took me a while to decide that she wasn't a Foreign Office operative checking up on me. Next, I paid a visit to GCHQ, at Hanslope Park. This is a huge place with more antennas than you can count and is seriously high security, so I won't mention much about it. Not that I saw much. Two things stick in my mind: a 'security officer'

interviewing me and two other people about whether we had been in the Communist Party or the CND or . . . whatever. I guess it was the standard cipher clerk lecture. Maybe the other two guys were cipher clerks. It's the sort of thing you don't ask.

The pensions department seemed not to be able to comprehend that someone would join up for just a year. One chap said, "You're a TTO1?" (a civil service grade) "You won't be able to keep that grade when you return!" In vain, I insisted that I would not be returning, as it were, and therefore keeping the grade was moot. And in vain did I insist that, no, I did not want to sign up for the 20-year civil service employee's special pension fund. But finally, I escaped.

After a short period during which I got my suitcase together and told my friends not to expect me for a year, I drove down to Crowborough Transmitting Station in Sussex. I had never been to rural Sussex before, but the nearby village with its excellent village inn charmed me.

I stayed at the inn. Every evening was a piece of theatre. A couple of aged locals had staked out particular seats at the bar, 'until the day they carry me off', and when unwitting strangers sat on them, the old codgers would, with glares and remarks, hound them until they sat elsewhere.

During the day I worked in a fairly desultory sort of way at the transmitting station, which happened to be the home of 'The Biggest Aspidistra in the World'. This was an absolutely gorgeous art deco transmitter of some 600 KW power. It was underground, and the transmitting antenna was a directional, seven-element medium-wave Yagi. I had never seen one of these before, and when I noticed the extra masts and began counting, an engineer, Hugh ___, laughed and said, "Yes, it is a medium-wave Yagi."

Mostly my time there consisted of either studying the circuitry and construction details of Beryl, the huge 1500 KW transmitter on Masirah Island, or navigating as nearly as possible along the predicted path of the Aspidistra's directional beam, using an

Ordnance Survey map, while Hugh drove along the twisting farm roads of Sussex. The field strength was enormous; as far as I recall, the effective radiated power (ERP) was some 3 MW. The antenna pointed straight into the USSR and the signal strength over there was still stronger than most local stations. Once, a local farmer ran us off his field, convinced that we were government surveyors planning the route for a new motorway.



The underground transmitter building and the control room were magnificently built. It wasn't until much later that I discovered that the architect used to design the grandiose cinemas of the time. The transmitter itself had been built by RCA in the U.S.A. and was a work of art. Hugh mentioned that when the transmitter had been connected at full power into the new antenna for the first time, the engineers noticed that the antenna current reading was fluctuating. They switched off and John Rothery went out to investigate. When he walked across the mast base his shoes almost burst into flames, the concrete was so hot. The reinforcing rods hadn't been properly earthed.

It's pretty useless really, trying to familiarise yourself with a giant transmitter just by studying circuit diagrams, so I was glad to be on my way to Masirah. This was by way of normal British Airways to overnight at Bahrain.

My old friend Keith had told me that there were lots of clay pigeon targets on the island, so I decided to take my double-barrelled Army & Navy CSL twelve-bore shotgun with me. I carried this through Liverpool in its gun-cover and nobody paid any attention. When I got to the airport I simply handed it to the airline staff for safe keeping. Nowadays the concept of carrying a 12-bore shotgun through Heathrow airport seems strange to say the least.

Overnight: Bahrain. After checking in to my hotel, I had the experience of a Quantas airline steward making a strong pass at me. In the morning, hyper-vigilant for predatory airline staff, I continued via Gulf Air to Muscat. The old Muscat airport (not the modern one they use today) was tucked in behind a mountain, so the aircraft would hop over the top and corkscrew down. Passengers exclaimed 'Alla-hu-akbar' (God is Great) as the plane taxied to a stop.

I had to wait a few days before the next scheduled flight to Masirah Island. This would be a routine transport from the RAF base on the island. I found a taxi and asked him if he would take me to the old souk (market). He said, "Ameriki?" I said "No. British." "Ah. Good. I no like Ameriki. I will be your guide for the afternoon. Just fifty Rials."

I spent the afternoon buying various oddball items in the souk. Soon I came across a stall full of Persian carpets and the like, and there was just a young lad of about 11 or 12 looking after it. My surprise must have shown on my face because the lad jumped to his feet, and said, "Are you American?" in a very strange accent that I couldn't place at all.

As I made conversation with him I realised that he spoke a strange, archaic form of English. "Where did you learn English?" He proudly produced a very worn antique volume of the Encyclopaedia Britannica dating from Victorian times. He'd managed to teach himself! Very impressive. I recalled what I'd been told about Muscat: that it used to fall under British influence and that we'd used gunboat diplomacy recently, to unseat the old Sultan and replace him by his Eton-educated son.

While I was at the hotel, I was offered, (so far as I could ascertain), in exchange for the shotgun, two goats and a young girl. I turned the offer down as politely as I was able, although I was really tempted; but what would I do with the goats? I may joke about it now, but at the time I was quite shocked by the fact that someone could be bought and sold. Two or three days later, the Andover twin-engine RAF transport arrived and we took off from Muscat airport, bound for Masirah Island.'

In next Hans Knot International Report there will be another free chapter of this forthcoming publication. That second and last free chapter Clive Warner will tell about his time on Radio Caroline in the mid-seventies of last century.

ADVENTURES IN THE LUMINIFEROUS AETHER BY CLIVE WARNER

Next e mail time with one from Colin in Leeds: 'Hi Hans I hope all is ok at your end, many thanks for another wonderful radio report. I have just been going through my newspaper cuttings which I have many and came across this cutting which I believe was in the Yorkshire Evening Post, our local evening news paper about the Radio 270 ship to be raffled off. Did anyone buy a ticket I ask your readers. I never did.'



As I couldn't read the text I've asked Colin what was published 'Pop Pirate Ship May Be Raffled. The owners of a pirate ship are considering a plan to raffle it at 2s.6d a ticket. The ship is the vessel

Ocean Seven from which Radio 270 will make its last broadcast on August 14th. For the last twelve months it has been operating from the North Sea off Scarborough. But the owners are not advertising it as a live concern.

"We shall take out the transmitter." Radio 270's managing director Mr. Wilf Proudfoot said yesterday. "We haven't broken the law yet and we don't intend to. A raffle has been suggested as a way of disposing of the ship, and we are quite seriously thinking of it."

Mr Proudfoot a former Conservative MP added: "Our first thoughts were tickets at £1 but feel 2s.6d might be better." Radio 270 is being closed because of the new law banning pirate stations.'

Well Hans, that's it word for word. As I said I don't know any one who bought a ticket. Two shillings and 6 pence is now worth in todays money 12p. Colin.'

Well anyone who lived or lives in the surrounding or in Yorkshire and does remember these plans feel free to fill in Colin's question versus writing to HKnot@home.nl

Oh, this one is also very interesting: Alex Hoek video experiences in the greater London area including the forts

<https://www.facebook.com/lovegreatbritain.nl/videos/546143579117701/>

Then a short but thankful e mail from John Ross-Barnard:

Dear Hans. Another "stonking" read about life in the 1960s et al. Well done, do keep them coming. Yes, life moves on but when there is no one alive who can recall life aboard the boats your archive of radio greatness will endure. Happy Daze JRB.'

And from John Ross Banard is a short step to Philip. Here's the first of many parts Philip Champion wrote about the history of Radio Luxembourg:

RADIO LUXEMBOURG 208 2.7.1951-31.12.2015

Philip Champion

A 1930s innovation: a programme for multiple languages and multiple nations

With the Marnach transmitter going off on December 31st 2015 this really was the end of an era -for German listeners especially but for the British and others too. We think it ended in the early 1990s but it had another two and a half decades to go. What was 208 like during the day until then? What was it like after English programmes ceased?

For this look back at "the great 208" my own memories and notes have been greatly helped by a number of websites: rtlgroup.com, radio luxembourg.co.uk, rtl208.de, offringa.nl, Wikipedia, ex-208 staff member Rodney Collins' comments on the digital spy's radio forum, Hans Knot's Dutch articles on the icce.rug.nl website detailing the 1930s setting up of the station plus its Benelux Service, a history of the German Service 'RTL Radio Luxemburg Chronik' on radiojournal.de, various other websites but especially mediumwave.info for showing the recent schedules on 208. I also gained information from watching "History of DJ" Parts 10 and 11 by Tony Prince. Every effort has been made to check dates and events but sometimes sources are contradictory.

To understand the history of 208 we need to look at what led up to it on the Luxembourg airwaves. To avoid undue repetition, I've sometimes referred to Radio Luxembourg as RL or the nicknames used in Britain, Germany and Czechoslovakia: Luxy, Luxis and Laxik.



The transmitter which serves the United Kingdom is 30 miles from the studio and only 2 miles from the German border

The 208 metres medium wave transmitter at Marnach

The aerials tower up into the sky. A technician's house is in the foreground



Radio Luxembourg, backed mainly by five Paris businessmen, started with tests on 1250 metres long wave to Britain and Ireland in May 1932 according to wikipedia. 'Radio Luxembourg Expérimental' was in French, German and Luxembourgois (a German dialect -with some French words- not easily understood by Germans) and they were a success. However, the British Post Office made allegations of interference to aircraft wireless services. Behind it was CLR - Compagnie Luxembourgoise de Radiodiffusion. It had sought a wavelength to transmit an international programme to a wide audience.

The Internationales des Radiodiffusions (IdR now ITU) stated that the Grand Duchy's size did not justify it and was allocated a low power MW frequency for its own internal use. Some of its members like Britain no doubt feared attacks on their State broadcasting monopolies. Studios were in the Villa Lovigny - once a fort built in 1671- located in the Luxembourg city centre municipal park in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. Construction of the transmitter site at Junglinster, 11 miles east of Luxembourg city, began on October 1st

1931 on a hill 360 m above sea level. Here three free-standing 250m high steel framework towers were used for the 1250 metres transmissions. As everything wasn't ready for the official opening a 10-kW transmitter made in Belgium was used for the planned three-day official opening with programmes in French, German and English.

A German artist, Eva Sievert, specifically chosen for her linguistic skills, said the first words on Radio Luxembourg for that 1300-1330 broadcast, "Allo, allo, ici Radio Luxembourg," then "Achtung, achtung, hier Radio Luxembourg," and repeated it in English. Soon the power was 150 kW. At the time it was the most modern and powerful radio station in Europe. French engineers were in charge, just as many of the backers were French. Four cables connected the telegraph office in Luxembourg city with the transmitter station. This ensured reliability but also provided for some programmes to be made in a home country and sent to Luxembourg by cable.



Junglister Photo: Hans Knot

In June 1932 the IdR unanimously passed a resolution referring to Luxembourg's "piracy of a long wave." The Luxembourg authorities rejected the objections and stressed that they were not illegal broadcasts. The frequencies were only being temporarily used for experimental transmissions. When broadcasts were more regular the

Icelandic Government complained of constant interference to their own LW channel nearby from the power of the Luxembourg transmitter.

Radio Luxembourg was a pioneer in broadcasting a 'unique' -not syndicated- programme in several languages using the same frequency. There was huge interest in other central and western European countries. Each day was planned to be geared to a country or language: Monday - Italy, Tuesday - Belgium, Wednesday - Luxembourg, Thursday - German (also for Switzerland, Austria, and German-speaking part of eastern Belgium), Friday - Dutch, Saturday - French, Sunday - English. A typical day was planned as 1900 Opening and light music, 1945 Weather forecast, 1950 Orchestral, 2030 Talk, particularly on music or entertainment, 2040-2300 music. It is not known how much this 'day' rotation was followed; I have not come across any detailed reference to an Italian Service on air. In time the schedule was much expanded.



In January 1933 power was increased to 200 kW but it was now on 1185 metres for a number of test broadcasts. More regular tests took place from March 15th on 1191 metres 252 kHz - 56 years before they used it again in partnership with RTE for Atlantic 252. The signal was good in the target countries of Britain, France,

Germany, Belgium and the Netherlands.

The English Service officially launched on Sunday June 4th 1933. Programmes were recorded onto gramophone records in London and flown to Brussels then taken by car to Luxembourg. They were announced by the English presenter in that studio but actually played by the Luxembourg engineers. At first there were no advertisements or sponsorship for the English programmes even in late 1933. By October 28th it was on Sundays 1900-2300 with a mix of recorded programmes and the station's 30-piece orchestra. The station's success in its own words "astonishes competitors." The British authorities protested vehemently that the wavelength used was not being allocated to Luxembourg at the European Broadcasting Conference in Luzern and claimed it would interfere with British aircraft wireless services. Meanwhile the BBC tried to persuade the main British newspapers not to publish RL's programme schedule. The radiohistoria website states that the allegations of interference had caused Radio Luxembourg to change wavelength four times.



Stephen Williams Photo: Archive OEM

Regular English programmes started on December 3rd 1933. Around this time English programmes were broadcast from six French stations: Poste Parisien on 312 metres plus Radios Toulouse, Normandy on 269.5 metres, Lyons on 288, Cote d'Azur on 240 and

Paris. Lyons and Paris were evenings only while Normandy often had breaks for French programmes. Stephen Williams of Radio-Publicity which had the concession for English programmes from Radio Paris had been presenting programmes on it since January 1st 1933. He had heard the debut of Britain's first station, 2LO, in 1922 and wanted to be a radio announcer.

Aged 20 he got a job in 1928 as announcer on a broadcasting steam yacht "Ceto" sponsored by the "Daily Mail" newspaper which sailed round the British coast transmitting music on records and advertisements. When first it sailed from Dundee the choppy seas caused problems for the signal so as it went round the east, south and west coasts it broadcast using four loudspeakers heard at least two miles away. (Was he the first offshore radio dj?)

In 1932 he joined the International Broadcasting Company (IBC) and was sent to their Radio Normandy service broadcasting to the south of England. The next year he moved to the rival Radio-Publicity which started broadcasting from the more powerful Radio Paris. With Radio Paris though due to become a State radio station the new Radio Luxembourg was a good alternative. On Sunday December 3rd his programme went out on both Radio Paris on 1725 metres LW with 75-100 kW and Luxembourg on 1191 metres with 200 kW to inform listeners that the programmes were transferring the next Sunday. Stephen Williams frequently asked listeners to tune to the new channel as they could hear the same output on both but from the 10th it transferred permanently to Radio Luxembourg.

The 25-year-old also became manager of the English operation there. In the early days he aroused listener interest in the station's location and, therefore the station, by portraying a romantic but factual picture of its scenery, customs and people. He did this in the breaks between sponsored programmes but had to stop after a few

months as there was so much advertising to include. IBC was handling the advertising.

Next time more from this very interesting history with a lot of thanks to Phil Champion. That ends also this edition of the Hans Knot International Radio Report. If you want to send your comments, memories, photos and more simply use Hknot@home.nl for reflections. Enjoy the month of April and till next time all the best.